















enough to let her alone *any* distressed Mary in difficulty.

"Don't, don't, Nellie!" *Carrie* had just pleaded in a distressed whisper. She raised her head. "Girls you're too bad to Nellie. She would be good enough, if you would only give her a chance. She was not doing you any harm, Mary Maitland. She has as good a right to play here as any one. Come, Nellie, you shall have the first jump," she added cheerfully.

"Then I shall have," said little Lizzie Maitland, cheerfully, at the same time dropping her head of the hair.

Poor Nellie was trembling with a stifling emotion. The old feeling of hatred was all awakened, but she thought the kindness of her new friend. She said only that she was around Carrie and burst out a loud at once. "Carrie does her gently and, and I feel as sorry and pitiful here. Never had anything like this to her. She doesn't of one thing, wiped away the tears, and smoothed down the hair. It was all so strange. She laid her hand on Carrie's arm and wept quietly. She would not allude to her sister's fate.

That afternoon *Carrie* succeeded in persuading Miss Barker to a long walk in the park, and she went with her. And, all Miss Barker thought, Miss Weston, manifested a peculiar manner, and had some giving, the result she was forced to acknowledge to herself that *Nellie* was better than that ever before.

"I'll go home with you," said *Carrie*, when school had closed, and the two girls had reached the corner where Nellie must turn.

"O, no," said Nellie, exclaiming in dismay. She would not have Carrie see her home. She would never go with her any more.

"Well, then, you come with me. O, yes, just for a little while!" she insisted, as Nellie hesitated, and looked anxious and nervous.

"Why little girl could resist? Nellie couldn't. They walked on for a few moments in silence.

"What makes you so to me?" Nellie asked simply.

"Why because I like you, and want you to have a good time with the rest of us."

"But I don't like other folks."

"Yes, you are—as night be."

"Might I?"

"Yes, you are as good as any of us, and shall be as happy yet! Here's our house."

"O, what a pretty place to live in!" Nellie exclaimed, with a real look of childish delight, as *Carrie* opened the gate into the beautiful, shaded yard through which the white cottage, with its veranda and low windows, was just visible. "In some of my school, to go and stay in such a place!"

*Carrie* heard some one say. Was she always good and happy?

She led Nellie to the left door, and found her old friend, indeed, running and playing with a group of boys, who were as pretty, but not so good.

"And now that you are so good, you should play," said *Carrie*, who had just seen Nellie's old friend, and was now standing with her on the porch, and looking at her. "And now that you are so good, you should play," said *Carrie*, who had just seen Nellie's old friend, and was now standing with her on the porch, and looking at her. "And now that you are so good, you should play," said *Carrie*, who had just seen Nellie's old friend, and was now standing with her on the porch, and looking at her.

But we must speak of the afternoon with *Carrie* and Nellie. You have heard how, last afternoon, and how easily imagine it. Poor Nellie was a storm, when she stepped to her own cheerful home, that night, but it did not hurt her as the one of the night before had done. For now she had sunshine in her heart. She would scarcely sleep that night, she so longed for the next day and school, and *Carrie*.

Nellie did not become perfect at once. She still made hard struggles. But now she no longer feared that there was something worth "being good" for. She clung to *Carrie* for a time she was almost afraid of the other girls, but at last they came to regard her as a playmate and friend. And when Mrs. Weston succeeded in finding a pleasant place on their own street, where she could live and not be lonely, she felt that the height of her ambition was reached. Now she had a beautiful "home" with "a little more," and she was so happy and no one would think she wasn't as pretty as other little girls.

## THE BLIND NEGRO BOY PLAYS:—THE SINGULAR EFFECT OF HIS MUSIC UPON HELLAS.

We have before alluded to the remarkable musical talent of the blind slave boy Tom, the property of a slaveholder in Savannah. The report of this boy's wonderful powers is thus confirmed by the *Charleston Courier* of January 24. The editor says—

"He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, or talent. His manipulation is most graceful; his touch is now exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness."

In his execution he not only reproduces the piece with perfect fidelity, giving every note his sound, but the style of the performer is likewise exactly imitated. Several of our most eminent musicians, performing in Tom's favorite long and short pieces, operatic, and the Heaven itself lay prostrate down from without committing a single mistake.

We might confess that this boy's talent, coupled in a remarkable development of the faculties of memory and imagination, did not give the talent to those compositions he hears by the ear. But he not only astonishes by the quickness with which he acquires a piece, no matter how long and difficult, but he improvises with readiness and fluency. On the occasion of which we speak, Tom was directed by his master to play an original piece, and he complied with cheerful readiness. He composed with all the ease and confidence that mark the finest orator in the use of language.

These original compositions increase the wondering interest excited by the performance of this prodigy, and force us to look upon him as one possessed of that rare and strange gift termed genius.

We have alluded to the exquisitely graceful touch of this lad; but what we have said concerning his manipulation gives no idea of this style and manner. For he has a style of his own, which is seen when improvising, and it is as brilliant as it is original and peculiar. But it is his manner and countenance that most profoundly impress. When not under the influence of sweet sounds, his face is devoid of life and impression. This is partly owing to blindness, but in far greater measure to imbecility. We see a boy with a decidedly African type of face—low, retreating forehead, the projecting nose, and projecting lips, with every mark of idiocy, we see this awkward and stupid negro led to the piano stool. He takes his seat; but the first touch on the responsive keys shows us that his soul is made for melody. He sweeps his hand over the keys with the air of a master, and then he beholds the inspiration manifest itself in his countenance and movement till interest changes to awe, and we are dumb with astonishment. The melody penetrates his whole being. An ecstatic influence flows from the keys into his fingers, and rolls like a fire through his veins, lighting up his fire in every nerve as it comes along. His hand is thrown back—now it rests on one knuckle, then on the other, and again it falls upon his breast. A radiant light glimmers on his blank face, and as we gaze, we detect the flash of his countenance seems changed. It is absolutely beautiful. The divine ravishment inspires every moment, and when he is thoroughly attained with the inspiration of the melody, the muscles of his face twitch, and his upper lip curled, and a smile glows upon his face. A feeling of reverence comes over us as we behold this mysterious and sudden transformation. —*Chloe's Dream.*

## HE GOOD NATURED.

He good natured. No thing operates against a man's happiness more than his nature. It is, in fact, the very base of his character. It deprives him of all pleasures, except such as he can derive by force himself—it is a cruel barrier against his progress in any noble acquirements, and has the effect of rendering him miserable, as well as those with whom he is thrown in contact. You ever heard of a happy ill-natured man? I say, no, because it is morally impossible. Always grating anything good, wrong, and if nothing goes wrong he is miserable, because he has nothing to grow at. Such a man is really an object of pity and commiseration. He lives a secluded, isolated life, and sees the world through the medium of his ill-nature, and is thus disgusted with everything and everybody, except himself, when he vainly imagines he has perfect attainments in the rest of mankind. Old Daniel was a life. If you are not naturally good natured, you cannot be good, and rest assured you will never be. Be good natured, for you will be made to enjoy it. Even wish to be happy, you will be good natured for happiness is co-existent with good nature. If you love your joy to low man you will be good natured, for you will as far as your individual self is concerned, render his existence in this world a pleasure instead of a pain, and turn the desert place of his life into a garden of joys. Then, he good natured! How much you will gain by it, how little it will cost you! Be good natured, it will save you a world of trouble, and you will rest satisfied in the consciousness of having done your duty. For—

"Since this is a theory and difficult path,  
Where tell is the portion of man,  
We each should endeavor, while treading along,  
To make it as smooth as we can."

## "WHAT GOOD?"

Many persons ask, Why all this anti-slavery agitation—what good is there in it, or by it accomplished by it? We answer:

1. The true nature of the religion of Christ is being developed by it. Two long has the religion of Christ been made to consist in outward forms, consisting especially in the strict adherence to the letter of the law, and the neglect of the spirit. It is now being developed, and the true nature of the religion of Christ is being developed. It is now being developed, and the true nature of the religion of Christ is being developed. It is now being developed, and the true nature of the religion of Christ is being developed.

2. Another and advanced is the development of a generation of benevolent workers. Those who are now heartily enlisted in this anti-slavery cause, will not be satisfied with the freedom of their millions of slaves, but, with a benevolent nature developed, will work on, until the last son and daughter of Adam shall stand forth redeemed and disenthralled. So said in such a work is Christ like; and to thus regenerate the religion and politics of a great nation in less than half a century, is a glorious work—a great good.

JOHN G. FINE.

LOVE.—It is a singular fact that two of the most vigorous writers of the English language appear to be in total ignorance of all the feelings which attend their rise from the passion of love.—We know of no single line that has fallen from the pen of Swift, or from that of Macaulay, which indicates any sympathy with that passion which in the greatest number of minds, affords the most powerful of all motives.—[Blackburn.]

EVERY WORD TRUE.—Whoever produces something useful in the world; lives upon his own industry; respects his obligations; deals equitably; adds to the true wealth and worth of the world's character; and is able, true, and self-respecting and respectful of others; his life is a life of growing manliness and his death will be real rest to humanity.

INDOLENCE.—The ruin of most men dates from their youth. Occupation is the armor of the soul. I remember a satirical poem, in which the hero is represented as falling in love, and finding his ruin in the waste and business of the world, but the hero, he said, was not so foolish for he had no work to do.

Do not confound idleness with indolence. Indolence is often sent directly by the Lord to excite and try our faith; but indolence is a sin, and is, although sometimes, a punishment. Indolence is not sent directly by the Lord to excite and try our faith; but indolence is a sin, and is, although sometimes, a punishment. Indolence is not sent directly by the Lord to excite and try our faith; but indolence is a sin, and is, although sometimes, a punishment.

## BYANDER SPOONER'S GREAT WORK ON THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF SLAVERY.

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